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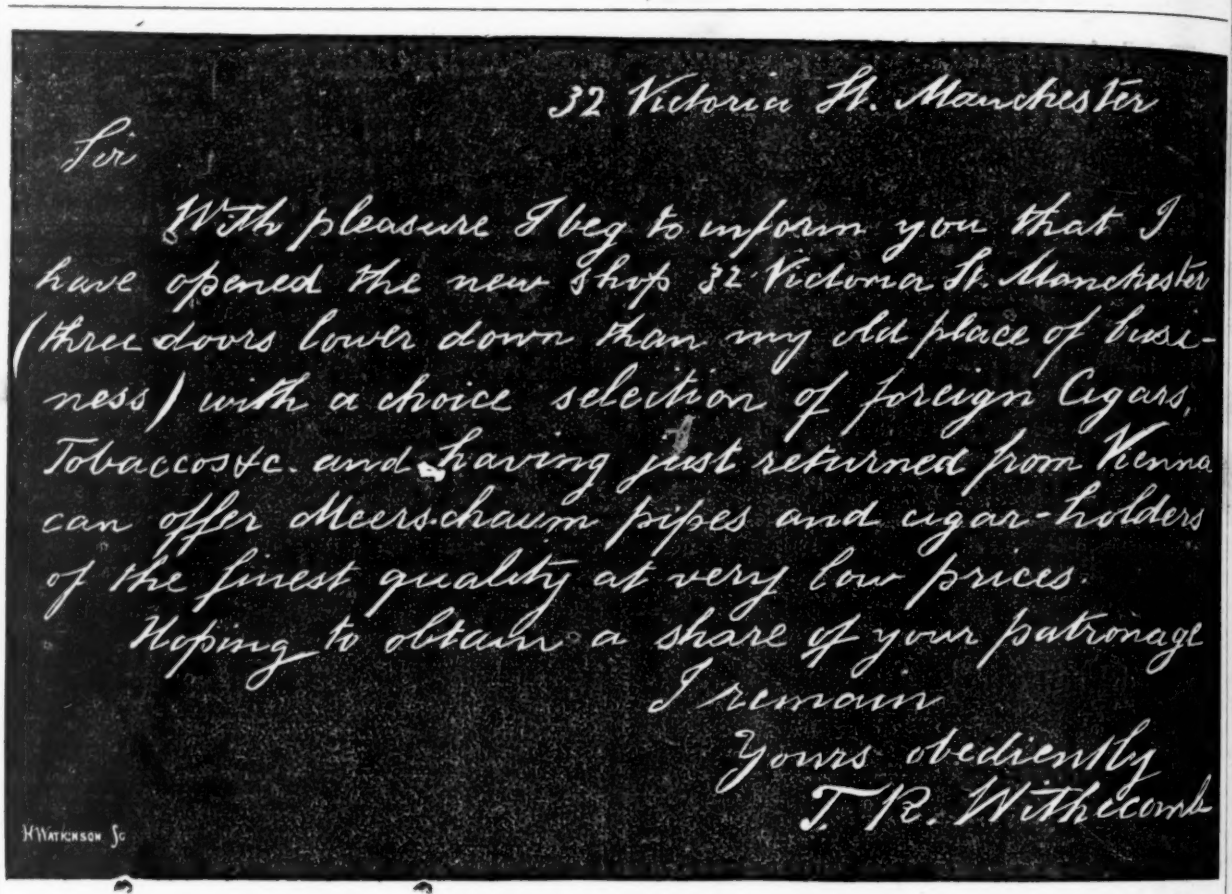
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[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

THE FOUNDER OF MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

HUGH Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, and founder of the Manchester Free Grammar School, is one of those Lancashire worthies concerning whom just enough is known to excite a desire for more. In Oldham's day, as in our own, Manchester and Oxford were antipodes to each other, Manchester having already risen into a seat of manufacture, Oxford to be a seat of learning. Yet both participated in his munificence, and in a way which proved him to have been animated by something of what was best in the spirit of his time. Only a single utterance of Oldham's survives, but it is of a decidedly remarkable kind, and exhibits him foreseeing and predicting to a certain extent, the great English ecclesiastical revolution of the sixteenth century. The name and rank of none of Dr. Temple's predecessors in the see of Exeter arouse a stronger interest than attaches to the Tudor prelate who founded our grammar-school, with its long line of distinguished alumni from Bradford the martyr to De Quincey the opium eater.

The place and date of Bishop Oldham's birth, his family and genealogy are all uncertain. Crumpsall, near Manchester, seems, however, to have the best claim to be considered his birth-place, and in all likelihood it was that also of another of our local benefactors, Humphrey Chetham. Probably, too, he was born towards the middle of the fifteenth century, about the time when, according to Shakespere, Jack Cade, surrounded by his roughs, was reproaching Lord Say for having "most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school." He is surmised to have been of good family, and "William Oldham, abbot of St. Werburgh, Chester, Bishop of Man, who died 1485, is said to have been his brother." Some ground for the surmise is afforded by the tradition that he was brought up in the household of Sir Thomas Stanley, the first Earl of Derby. In the county of Lancaster, and in few other English counties, Jack Cade could not in those days have discovered the slightest trace of a Grammar School, a fact doubtless living in the memory of Hugh Oldham when he had risen to be Bishop of Exeter and founded the Free School still extant in our midst. For the boy of promise, whatever his birth, there existed monastic and cathedral schools, better or worse, where, with or without a subsequent resort to a university, he could obtain some sort of schooling, and be taught to regard the Church as his future home. To the well or better-born, on the other hand, the houses of nobles and prelates were open, where they could receive the best scholastic instruction then going under some learned man specially appointed for the purpose, and at the same time, as pages or otherwise, be "educated" into gentlemen. It was a practice which continued in vogue until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Earl of Derby, who suffered for his loyalty in 1651, was heard declaring that "the best if not all the good families in Lancashire had formerly dwelt in his house." Two centuries earlier, this best of all boarding-school systems was in full vigour, and nowhere in Lancashire, or probably in England, more conspicuously than in the household of Sir Thomas Stanley and his third wife, a very pious, accomplished, and altogether remarkable personage, the famous Margaret Beaufort, by her first husband Edmund, Earl of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. and progenitress of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria. Learned, accomplished, clever, the foundress of St. John's College, Cambridge; the patroness of Erasmus and of Caxton; the mistress of Knowsley and of Latham, Margaret of Richmond kept in her service Maurice Westbury, a learned man of Oxford, for the express purpose of instructing "certain young gentlemen at her finding, and as is conjectured, in the company of her step-son James Stanley, who became afterwards through her influence, bishop of Ely, making, however, sooth to say, a very indifferent prelate. Among these "young gentlemen" were, it supposed, Hugh Oldham and his friend and subsequent patron and co-adjutor, another Lancashire man, William Smyth, of Widnes who rose to be Bishop of Lincoln. At almost every step in their career, these two men were powerfully aided by Margaret of Richmond, and it is reasonable to credit the tradition that both of them had been trained under her eye at Knowsley and at Latham. A more influential patrone sth eycould not have. On the 22nd of August, 1485 the battle of Boswort was fought, and chiefly through the defect on in the field of her husband Sir Thomas Stanley, from Richard Crookback, Margaret's son, Henry of Richmond, became king of England. Sir Thomas Stanley as created Earl of Derby, and Henry VII. could refuse nothing, at least in the way of ecclesiastical patronage, to the mother—and such a mother—who had helped him to his throne.

Oldham had studied at Exeter College, Oxford, and thence had emigrated to Queen's College, Cambridge; scarcely anything more being recorded of his academic career. Not a month had elapsed after the battle of Bosworth before Margaret of Richmond's two Lancashire *protegées* felt the benefit of her son's elevation. On the 19th of September, 1845, Oldham was admitted to the Rectory of St. Mildred's, Bread-street (the street in which John Milton was born), and on the following day, William Smyth was appointed Clerk of the Hanaper for life. For ten or so years after this, and thanks mainly to his gracious and steady patroness, the mother of the new king, Oldham's biography is little more than a list of preferments heaped upon him, until at last, in 1505, came the crowning promotion of all, and he was made Bishop of Exeter.

Ten years after he had become Bishop of Exeter, Oldham bethought him of the "educational destitution" of the chief town of his native county and resolved to remedy it. Manchester may be supposed to have been then, what it was described as being some twelve years later by Leland in his famous Itinerary, "the finest, best built, quickest, and most populous town of all Lancashire." In Manchester, as elsewhere in the northern counties, the woollen trade had thriven, so that about the year of Oldham's death, (1519) there were, says old Hollingworth "three famous clothiers living in the north country, viz:—Cuthbert of Kendal, Hodgkins of Halifax, and Martin Brian, (some say Byrom) of Manchester. Every one of them kept a great number of servants at work, corders, spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, and weavers." Ignorance, however, was rife, and educational means were scanty or non-existent—when about the year 1515, Bishop Oldham, far away in the south, determined to establish a free school in Manchester,—as (with spelling modernised) the statues of 1525, quaintly put it—"for the good mind which he had and bare to the county of Lancashire; conceiving the bringing up in learning, virtue, and good manners, children in the same county should be the key and ground to have good people there, which hath lacked and wanted in the same, as well for great poverty of the common people there, as well because, of long time past the teaching, bringing up of young children to school, to the learning of grammar, hath never been taught there, for lack of sufficient school-master and usher there, so that the children in the same county having pregnant wit, have been most part brought up rudely and idly, and not in virtue, cunning, erudition, literature, and in good manners." Wherefore, the good bishop purchased the lease of two corn mills and one fulling mill on the Irk, and also sundry messuages in Ancoats, endowing with the revenue his Manchester Free Grammer School, and building for it, where the present school stands, a school-house, taken down in 1766. With one insignificant exception it was to be absolutely free to all comers. This and the rest we gather from the statutes of 1525—framed some years after the founder's death—but, doubtless, expressive of his wishes. Yet, clearly he had in view that it would be resorted to by children of all classes. Every scholar was to pay on entering the small sum of one penny, to be given to the "two poor scholars" by whom the school "weekly, once in the week" was to be "made clean," and the school registers kept, a provision evidently pointing to an anticipated commingling of ranks. All other payments were forbidden. In the Manchester school there was to be neither "cock-penny" nor "victor-penny,"

both of them encouragements to cock-fighting; prohibited, too, was the "potation penny," contributed in some ill-regulated establishments of the time by each scholar, at a certain season, that the master might give his pupils a banquet once a year. In the clause regulating the choice of a head-master, it is the founder's dislike of monks and monkery that peep out, not a doubt of it. He is to be a convenient, suitable "person and school master, priest or no priest, *so shall he be no religious man, i.e.* member of a monastic order . . having sufficient literature and learning to be a school master, and able to teach children grammar, after the school use, manner, and form of Banbury, in Oxfordshire," a model establishment of the time. A provision is even made for primary as well as secondary education—nay, for something very like an infant school—and in the clause to this effect there is a distinct announcement of the "monitorial system":—"Item. The High" head "Master for the time being shall always appoint one of his scholars, as he thinketh best, to instruct and teach, in the one end of the school, all infants that shall come there to learn their A B C primer, and further till they begin grammar, and every month choose another new scholar so to teach infants on the commandment of the said High Master, . . . the same scholars so refusing to be banished the same school for ever." So, launched in 1515, refitted and repainted in 1525, was launched the Manchester Free Grammar School, which, with many changes of captain, crew, and sailing orders, has floated down through the centuries to our own day and generation. Much of its revenue was long derivable from the ancient "rights of soke," vested in the mills in the Irk, and by which the inhabitants of the township of Manchester were bound to grind their corn and malt. With the course of time this became a grievance, and so far as corn was concerned, relief was given by parliament in 1758, after a controversy to which Byron contributed a noted epigram. But down to very recent years the malt had, and we fancy still nominally has, to be ground in the Grammar School mill, a late remnant of feudalism and mediævalism, like snow flecking the hill-side on a hot summer day, which it is very singular to contemplate.

Having done something for his native county, Bishop Oldham resolved to aid in the good work then proceeding at Oxford, his earlier *alma mater*. There is a tradition that he was "minded to have enlarged Exeter College," his own first academic home, but that being refused a fellowship for "one Atkins," he changed his mind. According to the same tradition he had also intended to aid his friend, Bishop Smyth, in founding Brazennose, but here again drew back, because he was "denied to have the nomination of a founder." But in all probability he did so aid his old friend and fellow Lancashire man, since his episcopal arms were displayed in the windows of the original library of Brazennoze. Greatly more memorable, however, for more than one reason, was his co-operation in founding Corpus Christi College, Oxford, with another fast friend, Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and one of his predecessors in the see of Exeter. Bishop Fox had a lingering love for monkery, and thought of making his college a seminary or nursing-school for the monks of St. Swithin, Winchester. But, says old Holinshed, whose oft-told tale is the most dramatic of any—"but Bishop Oldham (whether it was because he favoured not those sects of cloistered monks, or whether he saw any fall toward those sects) dissuaded Bishop Fox what he could from that, his purpose and opinion, and said unto him, 'what, my lord, shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of begging monks, whose end and fall we, ourselves, may live to see? No, no, it is more meet a great deal that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning, and for such as who by their learning shall do good to the Church and Commonwealth.' To this Bishop Fox at length yielded, and so they proceeded in their buildings, wherein Oldham, reserving to Fox the name of the founder, was contented with the name of a benefactor, and very liberally did contribute great masses of money to the same; and since (according to his wish and desire) the same college hath been and is the nurse of many notable good scholars"—among them no less a person than the judicious Hooker himself, the pride of Anglican ecclesiastical literature. There is a statue of Oldham at Corpus Christi, and one of its fellows must always be a Lancashire man, as a recognition and memorial of his munificence. The charter of Corpus Christi was granted in 1517, the year of Pope Leo's Bull of Indulgences and of Luther's first famous protest against them. On the 25th of June, 1519, excommunicated or not, Bishop Oldham died at Exeter. He was interred in a chapel which he had erected in his cathedral, where is a fine monument with his recumbent figure in pontificals and a suitable inscription. If he had received largely, he had given largely. He left directions in his will that if he died in the diocese of Exeter he was to be buried in the chapel which he had built for himself. If out of the diocese, his body was to be carried to Oxford "there to be buried in Corpus Christi College that my Lord of Winchester hath caused there to be made. *And if,*" he adds, "*my goods will not suffice to bring me to Oxford,* then I will my body to be buried in the next College"—Collegiate—"Church or religious house of monks or canons." Unlike most modern bishops, the founder of the Manchester Free Grammar School had evidently no ground for anticipating that his personalty would be sworn at any very large sum.

NOTES ON 'CHANGE.

THE FRENCH TREATY OF 1860.

As so much interest has been excited of late on the subject of our commercial relations with France, it may not be out of place to offer a few remarks explanatory of the present position of the Anglo-French Treaty of 1860, and its probable future influence on the industry of this district.

Lord Byron said of his domestic troubles, "The cause is far too simple for the public to guess," and verily it appears that this Treaty is another case of that straightforward simplicity which is more confounding to some minds than the greatest complication. This poor little Free Trade bantling of Mr. Cobden's appears to have been doomed from its birth to be called by every sort of name but its right one; and even now, when the child is nearly ten years old, we hear statesmen and members of parliament, who ought to know better, speaking of it in a "does your mother know you're out" sort of way, which must be most painful to the feelings, both of the child itself, and of all its relatives and friends.

Some affirm that this treaty is, or was intended to be, a "Reciprocity" Treaty; others that it was a "bargain"; a third party propounds the provoking absurdity that its object was to obtain an agreeable business between the two countries, by creating a balance between their respective imports and exports; and lastly, a certain group of "irreconcilables" make no bones about stating that the whole project is a device of the Evil One to assist his friend Louis Napoleon in stealing a march over poor stupid old John Bull. After learning what a thing may be called, it will be interesting to find out what it really was called by those who made it and are responsible for its character. It is scarcely needful to say that Mr. Cobden would accept none of the aforementioned names, nor any modification of them, as befitting his work. His simple title for the transaction was "a simultaneous step on the part of each nation in the direction of Free Trade." Now, it is not our practice to treat of political and economical doctrines; but thus far we will, along with all thoughtful folk, commit ourselves—that is, to a thorough belief in the doctrines and principles of Free Trade; and if the legitimate aim of Free Trade is to obtain for the consumer the best possible article at the lowest possible price, then it must be admitted that, in whatever degree the Treaty has operated, it must have been for good so far as this country is concerned. If Free Trade is right, the duty of the government would have been to reduce the tax on our imports from France irrespective altogether of any arrangement or Treaty with that country. Mr. Cobden, however, was made aware of the existence, among a very small body of French politicians, of a leaning in the direction of Free Trade, and in negociating the present treaty it was his double object to develope this feeling in France, and, at the same time, advantage the British consumer of French productions. We doubt much if it ever entered into the heads of those who framed the Treaty that they should succeed at once in procuring a market for the extensive and profitable shipment of English manufactures; for it must be remembered that the sole basis on which the Free Traders went to work, was a promise from the French Government that those duties which had been hitherto prohibitory to British exporters should be reduced to at least 30 per cent; and though, after a severe struggle with the French Protectionists, the duty on cotton

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goods was eventually lowered to an average of about 17 per cent, even such a protection as this, added to the cost of transit and other expenses, must have made it impossible to hope for a very large export of English cotton manufactures. Those who have been loudest in their abuse of the Treaty have as yet failed to prove that it has inflicted any disaster on British industry which would not have come to pass almost in the same degree had the Treaty never been made; and even the little hardship that may have been added to the sufferings of some non-indigenous and already languishing trades is as nothing compared with the amount of solid benefit which the consuming classes in each country must have derived from the intercourse promoted by the Treaty. Traders are not in the habit of either importing or exporting for a term of years at a loss, and, if trade means profit, we can offer no better argument in favour of the Treaty than the following figures. The Treaty found us in 1859 importing from France to the value of £16,870,850, and in 1867 we import to the value of £33,740,660. In the same years respectively we have exported to France £9,561,950, and £23,022,420.

If the results of the Treaty have been so very satisfactory to the commercial interests of each country, how then does it occur that, in the House of Commons, Mr. Birley is asking for a parliamentary enquiry into its operation, and in Paris there is at this time sitting a Council, having the designation of "La commission d'enquête parlementaire appelée a se prononcer sur les effets des Traités de commerce et du régime de l'admission temporaire." In short, how do we account for the very extraordinary fact that this most beneficent measure of Free Trade has succeeded in utterly disgusting a large section of the supposed recipients of benefit in each country? We will try to make answer.

By reason of the scarcity of cotton, and many other causes too numerous to dwell upon, the cotton and other staple industries both of England and France have, during the past few years, passed through a period of terrible depression and disaster, and in seeking for the causes the tendency of the public is, as we observed in the outset, to rush at any solution however complicated or impossible rather than the simple and tried one. "French competition is ruining us," says the bewildered English sufferer. "English competition is annihilating us," says the selfish and thoughtless French manufacturer. Both must have got hold of the wrong end of their respective sticks, for when the subject was discussed in the House of Commons on the 4th inst., not one tittle of evidence was adduced to show that any serious injury had been incurred by any department of British industry, while the French Court of Inquiry, now considering the operation of the Treaty in relation to the cotton industry of France, has been so long in collecting evidence as to the low price at which goods can be produced in England as compared with France, that it has quite overlooked this very important fact, viz.: That our entire exports of cotton fabrics (exclusive of raw cotton and goods *in transitû*) are far too insignificant to interfere in the least degree with her national industry, and that with the present high tariff, accompanied with the rapidly increasing facilities of manufacture in France, it is utterly hopeless to compete successfully with French producers. Nay, it is a matter of question as to whether we have not, during the last ten years, imported from France as much in cotton goods as we have sent her; and it is more than probable that the cargo of the China vessel, Spindrift, which was lost a short time ago, comprised a larger quantity of British cotton manufactures than we export for French consumption in a whole year.

The English demand for an enquiry into the working of the Treaty appears to have been negatived mainly on the ground that all that could be known on the subject is already in the hands of the public in the Board of Trade returns; but the French government was neither sufficiently independent nor powerful to insist on a similar demand on the part of the influential spinners and manufacturers of France. It is notorious that the French Emperor and many of his ablest ministers are thoroughly alive to the advantages of a Free Trade policy, and when Mr. Cobden, in 1860, urged the putting of those convictions into practice, even in spite of the opposition of interested Protectionists, the Emperor made the notable reply, "such a step in your country might threaten a ministry; in France it might imperil a dynasty." And so, when the demand was made last year by a lot of suffering cotton spinners that the Treaty should be fully looked into, the request was granted. It must, however, be remembered that the enquiry is not limited to the cotton trade. It will extend to all branches of French industry and production, and we shall be much surprised if, after the French wine growers and silk manufacturers have given their evidence, the Emperor does not sum up by showing that the real or imaginary sufferings of the cotton trade are as nothing compared to the vast benefit derived by the country at large from the operation of the investment, however small, of Free Trade principles which the Treaty has brought into action.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce has decided to send three witnesses to Paris, to give evidence as to the working of the Treaty in relation to the industry of this district. It will be somewhat of a difficult task to plead the cause of British Industry before a court which appears to exist solely for the purpose of getting rid of our competition; but we trust that these delegates will not shrink from their duty. Their mission is not only to demonstrate the true results of the adoption of Free Trade principles in France, but also to resist to the uttermost the attempts now being made by the French producers to force their Government to a retrograde policy; and, so far as they are able, to insist on a reduction of the present burdensome duties, and a general amendment of the complicated provisions of the Tariff. In this arduous errand we wish the delegates of the Chamber of Commerce a very full measure of success.

WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO COOK IT.

A CHAPTER ABOUT MUTTON.

FOR some reason that we cannot readily divine, we have got into the way of speaking of the sheep in a deprecating way, and use him (and we are not here referring to the male animal in particular) for various kinds of disparaging or semi-contemptuous similes. The "silly sheep" of the poet are dotting the hills or appear spread over the plains, and even the grammarian declines to accord them a distinctive plural terminal to bless themselves with. The mere mention of the name seems to indicate some latent disparagement of the animal and an ill-concealed semi-contemptuous smile often follows, as if it were a sort of wise-acre among the beasts of the field. Even after his death, or as we perhaps ought to say, after he has succumbed to butcherdom and become mutton, he is in no happier a state, and his comparisons are as odious as ever. The Frenchman holds him in far higher esteem. There is one name for him there whether alive or dead; the doting wife will fondly term Jules her "Mouton," and he, again, will transfer the title to the choicest produce of the sunny hills by the Loire. But, as he would if present no doubt say, *Revenons à nos moutons!*

In this neighbourhood we don't get mutton in its perfection. It is only a kind of monster lamb. We have it at little over two years old, whereas it only attains perfection at more than four years. The general public would not, however, pay the increased price that the breeder would require for delaying his "turnover," so we must take what we can get.

We have often wondered whether a taste for sheep's head is one that is natural or acquired. Sheep's-head broth we don't care for personally. It suggests the melancholy tale of Billy Vite, and the two penn'orth of vite arsenic that was mixed up in it. The head has a certain oily smatch about it, which is milder if it be boiled instead of being baked. There is not so much meat on it in proportion, as on a calf's-head, but then the price is less, and if the tongue and brains be dressed separately, as with a calf's head, it serves as an agreeable variety, and is not expensive. It needs no bacon as companion to it, and there is, after all, the liquor from it for broth if you like to use it. But if you want broth you must go further, neck's door, as one might say, to the neck. There is no other part comparable for the real mutton-broth. By the way, one hears people talk of "a few broth." Is it a noun of multitude? or is there *a* broth? "A broth of a boy" is dubiously complimentary, though quite distinguishable from the cuisine of the South Sea Islands. One can do with mutton-broth when everything else seems unsuitable. We cannot give any receipt for it; we can only recommend you to get rid of every speck of floating fat, and have it fresh made for the occasion. There are plenty of places in town with every variety of what should be avoided, but we never found any (out of our own domicile) equal to what the reader may have at small cost, any morning shortly previous

to one o'clock, in the bar of an old hostelry not a hundred miles from Market Street. It is free from grease, has a few very fine herbs, with a sediment of barley grains at the bottom, and there is always a neck-bone with tender meat upon it, which you can leave to the last and polish off with a little salt, if you like. But pray omit seasoning sauces and all such compounds both from broth and bone, or you will miss the essential flavour of your dish.

The bones of the neck contain a large amount of nutriment that cannot be got at in any other way than boiling or stewing. Therefore don't roast it or cut it into chops for boiling, for you lose the goodness of the bones, and the meat is coarse and often tough as well. If you can think of no other way, cut it up and make a pie of it, with plenty of potatoes, and a liberal allowance of onions and seasoning, but the crust should be very plain, for it is impossible to avoid some greasiness about the inside of the pie, and above all things take care the crust be not burnt.

A bachelor friend of ours who used to dine at home, that is to say at his lodgings, every Sunday, had one unvarying dish—a shoulder of mutton. He said there was more variety of eating about that joint than any other that he knew. We have always thought he was right; but it must be a roast. A boiled shoulder is like a boiled sole or a boiled duck, simply an abomination. We have tried it, on the recommendation of a friend, boned and stuffed with sage and onions, and roasted, and were promised that it should eat like a roast duck, but as Charles Matthews used to say, it did'lt. In fact, we have clearly ascertained that it is a delusion to expect one thing to taste like another. While choosing a leg of mutton a month or two since, Mr. Chops said: "I can recommend this; it'll eat like lamb." But we don't want it to eat like lamb, retorted we. If we wanted lamb we'd have it, but as mutton is our present quest, why mutton we want and mutton we'll have; so in the name of the prophet—mutton. A dish which was more in vogue in our younger days than, as far as we find, it is at present, was a shoulder of mutton on potatoes, baked in the oven. Its present habitat is probably London, where they are, from dearness of fuel, accustomed to make more use of the baker's oven than we do here. We have two objections to it, first, it is too rich and fat, and next, it is not economical. It should all be eaten the same day, at the same meal, in fact, for when cold the meat is dry, hard, and comparatively tasteless. But, nevertheless, when hot, it is good—excellent beyond question, but distinctly wasteful; there isn't even a morsel of dripping left. The best way of all is to roast it before the fire and serve it, well roasted, with plenty of onion sauce. Greens are not so much a desideratum as browned potatoes. Part-boiled, and then baked in the oven and kept basted with some of the dripping from the pan, is the best way. You may put some of them on the front of the dripping-pan next the fire, but they interfere with the saving of the dripping, which should never be neglected. In our own mènage a shoulder appears certainly twice—on the second occasion cold, of course—and it is a matter of some interest to keep for the second day that which is then as good as it would have been on the first day; and, by parity of reasoning, to consume that which is better on the first day than it would be on the second. To arrive at this, turn the joint upside down, and slice thinly all you can find on the under side; then cut off, as may be needed, the knuckle part, and with it the fatter part from the outer or concave edge of the joint. This suffices for the first day, and on the next day, when the joint appears right side up, it looks fresh and uncut. You have then the best part of the meat to use, and if you can't make a good dinner of that with some roasted potato and a pickle, say the modest onion for choice, all we can say is that your education appears to have been much neglected.

The cutlet, the *arrière pensèe* of the restaurant or hotel-waiter, is a much abused institution. It is, when properly treated, a fine and delicate tit-bit. The chop, the "succulent chop" of the Saturday Reviewer, we have treated of in an earlier chapter of this series. It is not worth the name except it comes from the loin and has meat on both sides of the bone. The best way of procuring chops is to get the loin, or part of it, have it "chipped," *i.e.*, divided at the vertebræ, and keep it as long as you can. On the first faint indication by smell that its freshness is past, wipe it clean and cut it up into chops; then pare off the thick skin of the outside and all doubtful edges, and throw them, two at a time, on the grid placed over a fire, at least four inches below, having no blaze or smoke; turn them about six times before they are done, but never pierce them with a fork, and put no salt or pepper on until you have them at table, and then please yourself. Don't cook at once more than is needed for the persons that are to eat them. A dish of mutton chops is a mistake. When you are eating the first half the others grow cold and tough, and will never renew their youth.

The best way to eat the leg is to roast it, after keeping it to the verge of venison-hood, and then roasting it whole, but that, we need hardly say, is not the economical way. We are as averse to the "cold mutton again" as the most impenitent paterfamilias. Therefore, we deal with a leg of mutton as Mrs. Gamp liked her refreshment—a little and often. For instance, cut off and roast the fillet, then hash the remains with some of the next thicker part of the leg, and finally boil the knuckle, or break it up into pieces, and make a pie of it, as directed of the neck. It is about the most economical piece to eat away at, but there is a sameness about it after all, and it lacks the variety that the shoulder has.

Now, by way of quitting the subject, let us take a trotter. You can have them either in Portland Street or at the stalls in the Market Place, on a Friday or Saturday evening, at a penny each. Our plan is to take one, sprinkle it with salt only, no vinegar, and walk away munching it, held in our fingers until the thing is disposed of. Of course, the polite reader will readily imagine that we only do this after dark.

A SAWDUST TOURNAMENT;

OR, SIR JOSEPH AND THE BUILDER.

HIS civic Tickletoby the great Sir Joseph drew;
It was not made of hickory, it was not made of yew;
No acorn was its grandmother, no sycamore its sire,
Its handle was of solid brass, its lash it was of wire.
It chirp'd a curious madrigal above the victim's head,
And swish'd and lash'd its cruel tail—its tail of meaning dread;
Its swing it was so menacing, suggestive of a feat,
Which makes you feel the safest when you're settled in your seat;
Because the Tickletoby, with its thin metallic lash,
Has a tendency to punish that which I will christen ———,
And because if it should happen that department to assail,
It would leave a memorandum which is very like a wale.

Up spake the belted Knight and said, "I do not like this 'ere;
"Our excellent police force must not be called small beer.
"Ned Johnson, I defy thee, as maligner of that force."
(He quiver'd with emotion and his voice was somewhat hoarse.)
"Strip quickly, Edward Johnson, and for punishment prepare;
"My well-known Tickletoby is athirst for something bare:
"Get on the back of A 16, just as they do at Eton,
"And let the universal Earth remark how smartly you'll be beaten."

Ned Johnson ey'd the Knight aside, his hair began to bristle,
His mouth harmoniously gave forth a low displeasing whistle;
He bar'd his manly elbows, which were thick with knotted thew,
And he humm'd the noble melody call'd Cock-a-doodle-doo.

The Knight amaz'd, with fury blaz'd, all underneath his hat,
As if he had not bargain'd for such grim retort as that;
He fell back on his captain, like a hero at Knott Mill,
And he quoted the commandment, No. 6, thou shalt not kill.

As when a trembling torrent teareth down a mountain's brow,
The chaf'd and foaming Builder discharg'd his vengeance now:
Upon his ireful eloquence he bore the tossing chips,
And these nasty observations were discharged from his lips:
"Confound your weak red taperies, your minutes, and your rules;
"Quirks are the small man's weapons and the heraldries of fools;
"Come out into the open where the breeze of common sense
"Will blow away your credence in the gospel of Pretence.
"Am I to be bamboozled with your literary cram?"
(Here he hit out at the captain with a regular ram jam.)

"You know you've made a blunder, and so knows Mister Bruce,
"So take your Tickletoby home, and let us cry a truce."

Then Sir Joseph and the captain and the builder were at peace;
May flocks, and herds, and billy-goats for all of them increase;
And corn and wine, and oil and chops, and Worcester sauce prevail,
Which would be a pleasant ending to this romantic tale.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE MORALITY OF DRUNKENNESS.

THE reputation of being an eccentric moralist gained for Mr. West, Q.C., by his lachrymal treatment of embezzlement upon a recen occasion, is likely to be confirmed by a judical definition of degradation enunciated by that learned gentleman at the sessions held this week. "Prisoner," said the philosophic judge, "you must be a degraded person to break into a house, and get so beastly drunk there as to be unable to escape." Drunkenness is, very properly, the favourite subject of that judge's strictures. The idea of a man getting drunk moves him to reprobation, but the idea of a man getting so drunk as to be unable to dodge the police, moves him to epigram. And truth to tell, for an evil-doer to be unable to elude the law, he must be very drunk indeed.

THE "EXAMINER" ON TRAMWAYS.

Really, now, is it not extraordinary? The whole city and suburbs of Manchester have for the last six months been in a state of agitation, favourable or unfavourable, upon the subject of tramways. None of the daily papers, which ostensibly chronicle and criticise the sayings and doings of the town, deigned to take the slightest notice of the matter. The *Examiner* was silent as the rest. The matter dropped. The three or four bills before parliament were not proceeded with, while the general subject was relegated to a parliamentary inquiry; which, not having exclusive reference to Manchester, was reported by the daily press. The interest of the town in the matter was suspended; and the subject altogether in abeyance. A tramway is established in a London suburb—all the London papers write upon the subject—and the *Manchester Examiner* immediately comes out, not only with an article upon the subject it had thitherto ignored, but an article invested with all the honours of the editorial leads. Three companies seek to lay down lines in Manchester, and not a word says the *Examiner:* a company lays down a line in London, and the subject is deemed worthy of a leading article. If the *Examiner* had been deliberately trying to burlesque the functions of a local newspaper it could not have hit upon a happier thought than this.

THE OWENS COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS:

In other words, a wet afternoon at the Pomona Gardens. The heavy rain which fell in the morning had left the ground in a state unpleasant alike to spectators and competitors. The former were reduced to the necessity of standing in the wet grass; the latter had to run and leap on ground better adapted for swimming. No wonder that the company was small—small, that is, as compared with previous occasions. Still there was a sufficiently large muster to satisfy the students that their sports excite no little interest in the neighbourhood. Even the ladies were fairly represented. Several anxious mammas were mounted in the seats which Mr. Reilly scatters over his grounds, and thence, as from so many grand stands, surveyed the sports, and uttered audible and admiring comments. "Came in fourth, do you say, Alfred? And very good too, considering what a little fellow you are!" It was a "junior" race, and "Alfred" had been called up, flushed and breathless, to receive his good mother's applause on what to anybody else would have been an occasion for sympathy. The races were well contested, considering the state of the ground. In one, the half-mile race, there was a splendid finish between the winner of the mile race, Macgowan, and a taller student, Higginbotham, who came in first only "by a neck." Macgowan had given twenty yards' start to all his rivals, and ran gamely and well. G. W. Latham, taller and thinner than ever, distanced as usual all competitors in the short distance flat races, but he was beaten at the high jump, both standing and running, by Swanwick, and won the wide jump by a considerably less distance, if we remember rightly, than in 1869. However, he came out again champion medallist, and carried away for the second time the challenge cup, which he bids fair, we should think, to win altogether. The programme included boat races. We mention them only to hint that the committee would do well to reform or discontinue them in future. There was no race last week worth calling a race at all. In the junior four oar, it was difficult to say which crew rowed the worst, and the only part of the business worth looking at was the way in which the bow of the winning boat got splashed all over with the black mud of the Irwell. The other three races were all "rows over." Which things ought not to be.

IN SEARCH OF A CREED.

I.—THE REVIVAL BAND.

DEAR SPHINX,—I read in the *Times* a few weeks ago that a witness in a Breach of Promise case, being asked if she was a member of the Church of England, replied indignantly, "No; I'm a staunch Protestant." The fine, though unconscious, irony of this woman set me thinking, and as a true Briton in a difficulty always does one of three things, *i.e.*, sends for a policeman, gets up a public dinner, or writes to the papers, I choose the last resort. To be awakened, in the spiritual sense, by a party to a Breach of Promise case is, to say the least of it, odd. For when I had finished my Breach of Promise case, I scattered the *Times* on the floor and fell asleep. To sit in a low arm-chair and let your eyes crawl slowly up and down the columns of the *Times*, while the mind is gradually imbibing the opiate of its leading articles, is one of the finest preparations for slumber that I know of. As a rule, you forget whatever you have been reading, and you wake up quite refreshed. But on the evening in question, I had scarcely rubbed my eyes open when I felt myself asking myself—with an earnestness quite unusual—"Are you a member of the Church of England, or are you a staunch Protestant?" At first I treated the matter as a joke, and smiled mysteriously at myself, so to speak. But a joke becomes a serious matter if it is told to you too often, and from the same cause that question seemed to become serious. It was a long and tiresome debate, and I very nearly convinced myself the wrong way; but I ended by granting that I was a member of the Church of England, but was forced to insert a clause that I was neither a staunch Protestant, nor a staunch Romanist, nor even a staunch Infidel. Hitherto I have considered myself a Churchman, with no more reason than some members of Parliament consider themselves statesmen, simply because I have regularly attended service. My poor flame of enthusiasm has been kept alight rather by sheltering it from the breezes of inquiry than by fanning it with doubts. I have sometimes blamed the Church for its excessive refinement, its smooth and reassuring manners, its bland and courtly tone, which makes us feel that we are safe in such good company. But perhaps it is a want of fuel in me to kindle and not a want of the vital spark in the Church. Therefore, I speak with diffidence. I have only a right to say that the creed which I have so long and so artlessly professed has awakened in me no moral intensity. I seem able to feel certain results arrived at by this or that intellectual process, but I have no certainty about moral truths. And so I determine, not pompously, to renounce the Church of England, but for a time at least, to wander gently away from it, to enter curiously the bye-ways of Religion, to go patiently, if perhaps a little doubtfully, in search of a Creed.

Well, I have had one experience, and, although I have not exactly found my restorative, I already feel quite travelled. It was a Sunday evening, and there was a bright quick wind, and the church bells seemed to be clamouring and competing for me as I bent my steps towards Grosvenor Street, All Saints'. On the right hand side of the street there is a whitewashed edifice, defaced by bills and notices which give it a very secular appearance, but inside, the style of architecture is strictly pious, with the exception, perhaps, of the convivial arrangement which takes the place of the pulpit. This is a raised platform, railed in and furnished with a table and chairs. I knew that I was about to mingle with a small but a lively sect called the Revival Band, and I wished to

understand, if I could not participate in, the particular set of ideas which inflamed and kept alight their belief in an unseen world. The aim of these people is to revive religious feeling, and their form of worship is distinguished chiefly by its informality. I will describe to you the service which I witnessed, and I will try to describe the conflicting impressions which I received.

The congregation numbered about five hundred. To my innocent eyes they appeared to be ordinary and slightly uninteresting members of the humbler walks in life. But a kind of reflected glory hangs about them in my mind, for when it was all over, I read on a placard outside that "In the Band are to be found Reclaimed Drunkards, Thieves, Gamblers, Dog and Man Fighters, Pigeon Flyers, and Outcasts of all grades and classes." Of course it is an absurd kind of curiosity, but yet I think that I should have felt more interest in my neighbours if I had known that they were probably Reclaimed Pigeon-flyers. The platform was occupied by seven men, presided over by a layman, who gave out the hymns and introduced the various speakers. The only form observed was that of separating each speaker by singing a hymn, but the speakers adopted whatever subject and form they chose. Some prayed, some preached, some related their experiences. Now, I do not wish to appear to speak flippantly of what I saw and heard. I have said that my impressions were conflicting. I was deeply convinced of the sincerity and even, at times, of the painful earnestness of both speakers and hearers. But, continually combatting and destroying my own gravity and feeling of devotion, came the oddest violations of good taste, the singularly unconscious humour, the strange medley of the whole proceeding. Extremes meet, and the piety of these people curiously resembled the profanity of others. After the first hymn, one of the speakers delivered a prayer. Beginning in a gentle tone, his voice rose gradually as he gradually abandoned himself to his feelings, until he ended in actually shouting in an agony, or in an ecstacy, of emotion. And now the people became more and more deeply moved. They lent themselves eagerly to the influence of the speaker until they caught from him his complicated emotions. Was it pain suppressed, or was it uncontrollable joy? I think it was the kind of exaltation martyrs feel,—a great pain in the bosom of a greater joy. Very soon the entire assembly was in a fever. The young women sighed and sobbed and groaned. The young men shouted "Praise the Lord" and "Hallelujah." It was like an undisciplined crowd of warriors exciting each other with splendid watchwords. And now the speaker rocked his hearers to and fro. Sometimes, like a falling wind, his hoarse and exhausted voice was scarcely audible, and with his own stillness he hushed the people. And then, having gathered strength, he roused himself once more, and the congregation seemed to rise with him and to follow him with shouts of joy and murmurs of sympathy. It seemed as if this man were putting forth a great power; but I am inclined to think that it was not genuine power. It was the ungovernable strength of incontinence, and not the easily directed strength of a deep reserve. It seems as if the leaders of the Revival Band aim, without any afterthought, to excite spontaneous religious enthusiasm. To effect this they resort to violent stimulants, and they produce violent effects. Feeling thus excited cannot endure, indeed a reaction of apathy must follow. But even if it could be kept alive, of what use would it be? It is discipline which makes the good soldier, and the sounds and influences which make him braver in the heat of battle are absolutely of no help to him in the barrack. In the same way it is high principle which makes the good man, and the stirring prayer which exalts him in the place of worship is of no use to him in the world. And yet the portion of the service given up to these paroxysms of prayer seemed to me the most respectable; useless, if not actually injurious, as any kind of phrenzy must be, there was at least something touching in the childlike surrender of these rude people to the influence of a rude prayer. Of course the prayers, uttered in a state of religious intoxication, were only feeble reiterations of the most common-place phrases. If a speaker ventured into an original sentence, he was almost sure to stumble. For instance, "When we picture Thee, O Jesus, upon that bleeding tree," and so on. But as soon as the speakers left off praying, to read and annotate the Scriptures, or to tell the story of their conversion, they became, to me, so shockingly, though unconsciously, profane, that I had not a single pious illusion left.

I certainly have no desire to ridicule these good people, but it is necessary to show you how ludicrous they must appear to an impartial listener. In the first place, the most sacred things are spoken of in such a familiar way that it is difficult to understand how they can continue to reverence them. But still more astonishing is the absolute certainty with which they speak generally of the Unseen. I mean no disrespect, but the truth is that the seven men who sat on the platform reminded me continually of a Minstrel entertainment. One man speaks of God as "He who desires that none shall perish." Upon which another man nods confidentially to the audience and says "No, He don't." One man says "I don't care whether you belong to this sect or to that sect; I wish there was no sects." Another man cries out, "Same here." And so on all the evening. Another ludicrous feature is the strange mixture of egotism and unconsciousness of the speakers. A huge, fat, uncleanly, and very indigent-looking man commences his address with the words, "I am an example of the Lord's tender mercies." And still more embarrassing is it when he goes on to say that it is only since his conversion that he has prospered. Very odd, altogether, is the contempt with which these people speak of earthly riches, a contempt arrived at surely by the process of intuition and not by experience. But most incongruous of all is their custom of singing hymns to the most familiar of comic song tunes. The following hymn, a fair example of the mildness of these compositions, was chanted to the singularly unfortunate air of "Why did my master sell me:"—

I'm glad I am converted, I'm glad I am converted,
I'm glad I am converted before my dying day,
Before my dying day, before my dying day;
I'm glad I am converted before my dying day.

And you may be converted, and you may be converted,
And you may be converted before your dying day,
Before your dying day, before your dying day;
And you may be converted before your dying day.

And here is another verse from another hymn—

I the chief of sinners am,
I the chief of sinners am,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

I am not likely to be reclaimed by the Revival Band. Like these hymns, their prayers and discourses are feeble and exhausting repetitions of the most conventional phrases, without a single law or precept in them. There is nothing to lay hold of and carry away. Exclusively as they worship Christ, there is no Cross to cling to.

Here then, sir, is a small band of worshippers, bound by no sectarian rules, and with the Bible in their hands. They might be preaching Christianity in its simplest and purest form; but they permit feeling to wash over and stupify thought, and they do not stop to study the words of Him whom they pretend so passionately to love. There will always be young men and women ready to succumb to the influence of the Band, because this kind of feverish sentiment is contagious. But the artificial enthusiasm can only last as long as the artificial stimulant. No life can be built upon these quicksands; no heart can find rest here. To an unsympathetic mind they render His name ludicrous; to a mind fresh from the idylls of the New Testament they nearly render it hateful.—I remain, sir, yours truly, PYRRHO.

[OUR LOCAL ART TREASURES.]

THE PAINTINGS AT PEEL PARK.

IF an institution like the Museum in Peel Park be not instructive it is nothing. It is easy to amuse, and not very difficult to interest, that class of the community for which this Museum is intended; but unless the objects by which that class (known generally as "the people") are interested and amused be calculated to educate as well, there is but little good achieved. In the case of specimens of natural history or geology it is hard to go wrong; a piece of ordinary quartz, or one of the commonest beetles, is sure to be correct, and if properly regarded, beautiful. But it is not so with pictures. Unless they be selected with care and knowledge, they can never teach; and they may be seriously injurious to those to whom, uneducated in art, they will most likely prove attractive.

It is a painful thing to have to say, but there are very few paintings

in the two large galleries in the Peel Park Museum that can possibly improve the art taste of the majority of visitors. There certainly is not one that an artist would care to look at twice. How it comes that so many paintings should be collected together in one building, and not one should reach anything like excellence, while most are below mediocrity, can only be explained in two ways. In the first place, most of the pictures were donations, and the authorities of the Museum could not refuse them, and perhaps they liked them. For what reason they were given it would be hard to say, except, indeed, that the owners could not sell them, and had no warehouse room. In the second place, pictures have been bought without sufficient advice. Of course, like all public institutions, Peel Park is flooded with portraits, and here again is the usual cause for complaint; the best portrait painters have never been chosen; so that, beyond the ephemeral interest attached to a late mayor, there is hardly a recent portrait that can be said to have any value at all. We do not intend to mention the Mercier blight that sometime raged over Salford: it has already been written of in these pages, and there is nothing now that need be repeated or unsaid. But it is impossible to pass by the portrait of Mr. Stephen Heelis, by Philip Westcott, and not condemn it for the slippery slimy manner of execution, and the carelessness of drawing—for example, in the hands. Mr. Westcott can do better; witness the likeness of the first mayor of Salford, Mr. W. Lockett, which is full of vigour, and but for its obnoxious colour would be a satisfactory picture. The late William Bradley is represented by several works, all nearly pleasant, and making us wonder that he never attained very great excellence. To mention a few: one of John Isherwood is capitally drawn, also those of H. Liversege and Charles Swain, of which the same may be said. Other paintings there are, representing the different phases of mediocrity shewn by Messrs. J. Allen, B. R. Faulkner, and others, much of whose work we have already described in connection with those public buildings in Manchester that contain portraits.

Hung high—skied is perhaps the word—are various works fathered upon such painters as Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Laurence, Sir M. A. Shee; but as they are nearly invisible, owing to their height, and the pictures below them on the line are but of average merit, we can only conclude that the words "attributed to" are in these cases accidentally omitted. However, it is impossible to be certain on the subject, and the next time the gallery is arranged such pictures should, if genuine, be on the line.

These galleries may be looked upon, for the most part, as a collection of eleemosinary white elephants, and no one has contributed more largely to the collection than Mr. T. Agnew. Of what use, for instance, in any way is the large canvas (which might have been a study for a drawing in the *Illustrated London News)* entitled, The Visit to Salford of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort? or that other, John Wesley before the Oxford Examiners, which has no artistic merit whatever. Or, again, A Roman Lady, by one "Molteni," which, as regards painting, is about equal to a portrait of the late landlady usually to be found in a country inn's best room. Mr. Agnew is also answerable for a gigantic painting by Mr. R. Ansdell, of which the subject is, The Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England (1843). Anything more hopelessly uninteresting could hardly be conceived; as a white elephant it is, perhaps, the most highly developed in the menagerie.

Just noticing two pictures, the murder of Prince Edward after the Battle of Tewkesbury, and Mary Queen of Scots insulted by the People in the Streets of Edinburgh, for the sake of saying that they are valueless, we will remark that Peel Park is favoured with several "old masters." There is a Venus and Bacchus, described with delicious vagueness as being of the "Italian School," which is simply bad, in every sense of the word; also a large picture, presented by Sir James Watts, said to be by Rembrandt, and representing Belshazzar's Feast, (the catalogue says in parenthesis "Dutch School"), and several others, sometimes "ascribed" to somebody, and sometimes not; and finally the inevitable, and, as usual, extremely unpleasant Susanna and the Elders, without which no public gallery is complete.

There is no intention here to be over severe upon what is a most admirable institution; but it is impossible to write of the contents of the art department in terms of praise. At the same time, we do not blame the conductors of the museum, whoever they may be, entirely; for if people with influence will make them presents of unmitigated rubbish in gold frames, it is certain that they must accept them, unless they be backed up by such strong outside support as is hardly to be hoped for in this case. As to the pictures by a certain artist, it is notoriously more difficult for a public institution to avoid the acceptance of one of that certain artist's pictures, than even for the rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The managers of the Museum have, moreover, never purchased pictures for their rooms at all equal in art degradation to many that have been donated. £400, the price given, we believe, for the Assertion of Liberty of Conscience in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, 1644, is too much; and for the same sum a very high-class work might have been obtained: not so large, no doubt, but more suitable in every way. For, although this picture of Mr. Herbert's is clever and reasonably innocuous, there is nothing about it to elevate taste for art in the least; its very cleverness would mislead the uneducated, it is so everywhere apparent, while it possesses none of the higher qualities of art.

These Peel Park pictures have often been criticised before, generally very gently. This time we have taken the severe view; for though there are no doubt several paintings deserving some praise, the bulk are most unsatisfactory. The best thing would be to take advantage of the first favourable opportunity to sell at last two-thirds of them for what they would fetch. Out of the proceeds it would perhaps be possible to purchase two or three works of art of really high merit, to form the nucleus of a gallery of which Salford should have no cause to be ashamed.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS ON 'CHANGE.

IV.—NEWSPAPERS.

IF the old saying that a man's character may be known by the company he keeps is correct, it is equally true that his opinions, political, social, and otherwise, may be guessed at by the newspapers which he reads. We don't mean those which he skims over, but those which he systematically reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests, from the first left-hand advertisement column down to the publisher's name and address. We should be rather startled if we encountered Lord Shaftesbury reading *Bell's Life*, or Jim Mace solacing himself with the *Record*. Both these journals are taken in at the Exchange, but it is almost needless to say that they are not read by the same people. The principle upon which the newspapers are selected by the Exchange directors is peculiar, or rather, like many of the measures adopted by that unique body, they seem to be selected upon no principle at all. If they have any guiding one, it is to stick to everything old, and avoid everything new. In what moment of infatuated exhiliration they conceived the idea of building a new Exchange baffles our comprehension. A late master of the room was the most inveterate opponent of all innovations that we ever met with, and in the way of newspapers he was a perfect Sibthorp. If any subscriber ventured to hint that it would be desirable that a new paper, say, for instance, the *Saturday Review*, when it first came out, should be subscribed for, the invariable answer was, "This is an Exchange, and not a newsroom." Thus the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch* were tabooed for years and years, but there have been always abundant supplies of the *John Bull*, the *London Gazette*, and other ancient and lively periodicals; *Bell's Life*, the *Sporting Magazine*, and the *Field*, are taken in, but you may look in vain for that excellent periodical, *Bailey's Magazine of Sports*, or *Land and Water*, or the *Graphic*. With regard to the magazines, the Quarterlies, *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* are supplied, but the *Cornhill*, *All the Year Round*, and other cheap periodicals are not admitted. On the other hand, *Macmillan* is, but nobody ever appears to read it.

Of the daily newspapers, the *Times* is the most in demand. Since the inauguration of the telegraphic system, the rush for the London papers has been abandoned. In former days, when Mr. Robert Croston and his coadjutors were wont to deliver the papers from the bar counter, there used to be a regular scrimmage for the papers, and scowls of savage hate were exchanged between rival candidates for possession of the coveted prize. The unkindest cut of all was, when the late master above referred to named used to sally forth from his sanctum, and carry

off the paper from under your very nose just as you were about to lay hold of it. In passing, we may remark of this worthy that he delighted in snubbing the subscribers, and, in retaliation, the subscribers took a malicious pleasure in annoying him. Thus, on one occasion he hung his photograph over the fireplace under the picture of Sir Thomas Stanley, and opposite that of Sir Richard Arkwright, but notwithstanding every effort made to the contrary, the photograph was always turned with its face to the wall.

We have said that the London *Times* is the most read of all the newspapers on 'Change. Why so we cannot exactly say, but if half a dozen different newspapers were laid unopened upon a table, we venture to say that nine men out of ten, ourselves included, would take up the *Times*. A distinguished statesman of modern times in the course of a speech remarked "I never read the *Times*." We never could see the force of that observation, and it would have been better left alone. On the other hand, the superstitious tenacity with which people stick to the *Times* is amusing. It is like having potatoes for dinner. Day after day do we partake of that esculent, to the exclusion of other wholesome vegetables, when a change would really be beneficial and agreeable. In like manner do we partake daily of the contents of the Thunderer. Perhaps the type and general get-up of the paper are familiar and pleasant to us, for there is much more in the look and arrangement of a newspaper than is generally supposed. One does not like to be bored with hunting up and down the columns of a paper in search of some paragraph or subject. Look at some of the Liverpool papers—advertisements, leading articles, and local news all jumbled up together. Then again, there is that most excellent paper the *Scotsman*, one of the cleverest journals out of London, which is all but unreadable on account of the slovenliness of its get-up. Now the *Times* is the reverse of all this. You can get through it without difficulty, and are not likely to miss anything that is worth reading. One likes the type, the arrangement, the knowledge, and the daring effrontery of the *Times*. It is the fashion to abuse it, but most people read it, and some believe in it and nothing else. Like the Cockney bagman, who, after dinner in a country inn, called for the newspaper. The local organ was brought by the waiter and contemptuously rejected, and the *Daily News* met with the same fate, our commercial friend sternly reiterating that he wanted the newspaper—the *Times*. It is a great mistake for newspaper proprietors to keep chopping and changing the shape of their journals. There is, for instance, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Starting at first as an evening paper, of a neat and handy shape, it was altered into a large unwieldly double morning sheet. We never could be bothered with it afterwards. Now it has been restored to its old form, we dare say that in a few days we shall become once more reconciled to it. Then there is the *Globe*. This used to be a respectable old evening paper—a single sheet; in politics a Whig, pure and simple, "of the school of Charles James Fox," as is recorded upon the tombstone of the late George William Wood, M.P., erected in Upper Brook Street Unitarian Chapel, to the memory of the member for Kendal, by his son, Mr. William Rayner Wood. Well, the *Globe* has been taken in at the Exchange from time immemorial, and old-fashioned folks of the Charles James Fox school used to read it regularly and religiously. In Lord Palmerston's pre-premier days, the *Globe* was his organ, and he frequently inspired some of its leaders, even if he did not compose them himself. In those days, as Foreign Secretary, he used to snub European potentates all round, particularly the weak and petty princes of the continent. Father Prout also contributed his racy information to the paper, and to speak after the manner of the *Pall Mall*, the *Globe* may be said to have been a very gentlemanly journal. However, the days of Whiggery declined with the advent of Mr. John Bright, M.P., and so likewise did the circulation of the *Globe*. Some time since it changed hands, and became the property of the Tories. Did its old devotees on the Exchange give over reading it? Not a bit of it! In fact its change of politics was a distinction without a difference, and, strictly speaking, it is more liberal now than it was twenty years since. Of course, it now abuses Gladstone and lauds Disraeli, but what of that? Suddenly, it occurred to the proprietors of the *Globe* to alter the shape of the journal. Its former readers were disgusted, and forsook the reading-stand which they had frequented for so many years. To alter the form of a well-established newspaper is a hazardous experiment.

Next to the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph* appears to have the greatest number of readers. The journal "with the largest circulation in the world" is a favourite with many people besides Lord Malmesbury. That somewhat attenuated nobleman is a man of pleasure, and keeps a French cook. By the same token he likes his newspaper to be well seasoned, and the *ragouts* of the *Telegraph* have a piquancy which gives relish to a jaded appetite. Its information, or we should rather say, its intelligence, is varied and extensive, and served up hot and highly spiced. It discourses upon politics, domestic and foreign, on religious topics and the social evil, on the gossip of courts, sporting intelligence, the wanderings of Mr. George Augustus Sala, the prophecies of Dr. Cumming, burglaries, ill-used wives and unfortunate husbands, police reports, divorce cases, adulteries, Catholicism, Ritualism, Protestantism, Schneiderism, executions, battle and murder and sudden death. Behold a group of readers at the *Daily Telegraph* reading stand, some with their heads merged in the columns of that interesting journal, while others behind are craning their necks with eagerness, and vainly attempting to get a look at its contents. What can be the attraction? Are they listening to the roarings of the young lions, or reading a fulsome panegyric on the Prime Minister, or an article describing with the most minute detail the last moments of some murdering scoundrel, around whose neck the hangman is adjusting the fatal noose, or are they titillating themselves with the revelations of Lord Penzance's Court, or the amazing gossip of the Paris correspondent? Nothing of the sort! They are immersed in the study of Hotspur's racing vaticinations; that dual tipster, whom ill-natured people will persist in identifying with Augur of the *Sporting Life*. Poor devils! Much good may the prophecies and tips of Hotspur do them. Judging from his sneers, and disparaging remarks about Macgregor and Our Mary Ann, previous to their successes in the Two Thousand Guineas and Chester Cup, we should think that Hotspur's "tips" were about as valuable as those of a Liverpool correspondent, who favours the readers of the Manchester papers with hebdomadal ravings about the price of cotton.

Like the *Telegraph*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, and the *Morning Advertiser*, all keep their sporting tipsters. Argus of the *Post* is a good and entertaining writer. In spite of its Jenkinsism the *Morning Post* is a shrewd and sensible paper, and was Lord Palmerston's organ in the latter portion of his political like. The *Daily News* appears to be eternally changing its editor. Chiefly does it adhere, or rather did adhere, in a political sense, to the fortunes of Earl Russell. It is about the least read of any of the daily papers upon 'Change, and yet, to our mind, it is about the most respectable and consistent of all the morning journals. The old "*Tiser*" has its adherents. It is ultra-Protestant, evangelical, sporting and bibulous, and plumes itself upon being possessed of very early, and, we may add, fabulous information. The splits in the Cabinet which it periodically announces are as numerous as the monster turnips and gooseberries and the prolific ewes of agricultural and country journals.

The Manchester Exchange is not well adapted for a newsroom. One cannot read there with much comfort. At the stands you get jostled and pushed about. Your neighbour and yourself are always wanting to read different pages, and you are mutually offensive to each other, particularly if one of the two has been partaking of young raw onions. The gallery is a most inconvenient place, and the room generally is either close and ill-ventilated or full of draughts. On wet market days it is like a vapour bath, and there is such a loud buzzing noise in the room that reading is a difficult matter. The best place to enjoy a good "read" on a Sunday is the Portico, in the evening. There are about three people in the room—a solicitor, an ex-merchant or cotton spinner, and a heretical parson. You may enjoy yourself in that sanctuary to your heart's content. For the same reason the pleasantest time to read the papers and magazines on 'Change is on a Sunday. There are never above half a dozen people present, and you can get any paper you want. What! go on the Exchange on Sunday and read the papers, we think we hear some of our Sabbatarian friends exclaim. Horrible, horrible, horrible, as Popolani says, in *Barbe Bleu*, when he bangs his tambourine upon his knee and declares it to be one of the mysteries of the profession. But it is even so. Last Sunday, we heard the Bishop of Manchester preach a most excellent sermon at the Cathedral. Afterwards we went on 'Change and read an article about asparagus. Then we went home and fared sumptuously upon the same vegetable. Of the three we don't know which we enjoyed most. All were equally good in their way. Dr. Arnold always read his newspaper on Sundays, and any one who has perused the account of that most excellent man's death-bed will admit that he was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.

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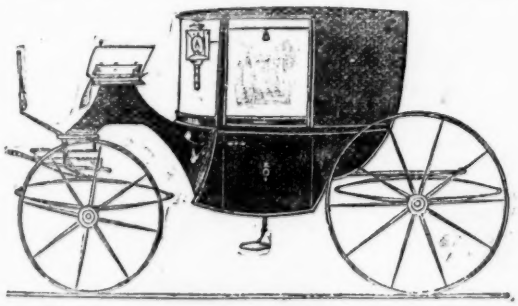

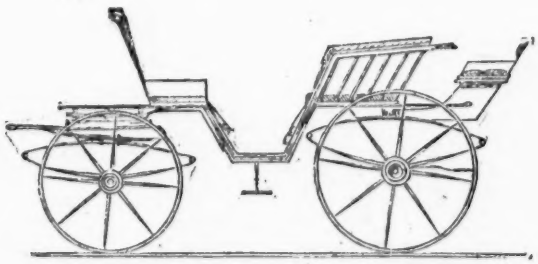

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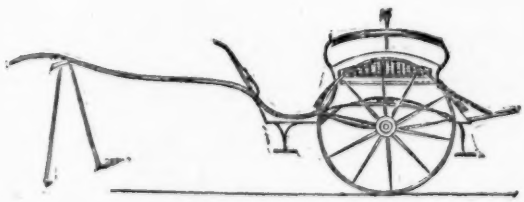

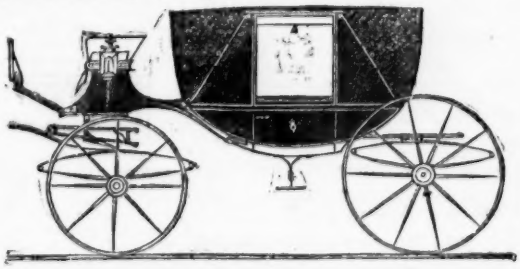

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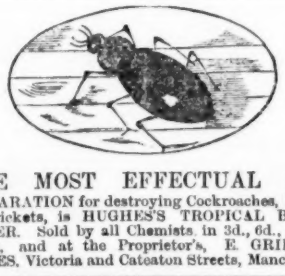

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